

Dr. Robinson's

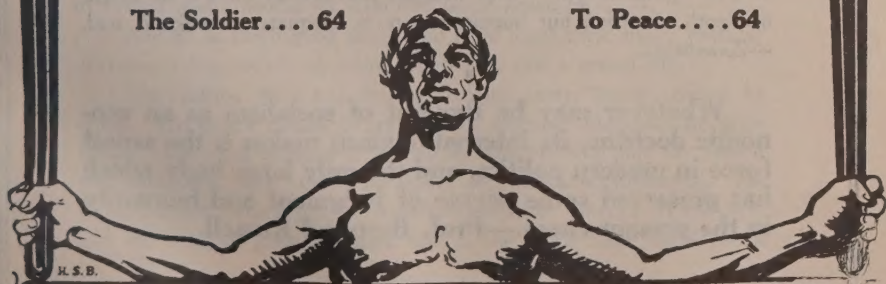
VOICES

IN THE
WILDERNESS

a Magazine of
Sane Radicalism

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U.S.B.

JULY

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THE ONLY FREEDOM

The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, mental or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.—John Stuart Mill.

* *

The degradation of science from its high function in ameliorating the lot of man is one of the most painful aspects of this war. Savage man, like the brutes, lives in bondage to matter: the task of securing a bare subsistence absorbs his energies, leaving no leisure for art and thought and the goods of the mind. From this bondage science has been gradually progressively liberating the populations of civilized countries. One man's labor now will produce a great deal more than one man's food. Out of the time set free in this way have grown literature and music, poetry and philosophy, and the intoxicating triumphs of science itself. . . . Suddenly, now, because a madness of destruction has swept over Europe, the men of science have abandoned their beneficent activities: physicists invent swifter aircraft, chemists devise more deadly explosives, and almost all who can, devote themselves to the labor of death. The place of science in human development, one is compelled to think, has never become present to their minds, since they are willing to prostitute it to the undoing of its own work.—PROF. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

* *

Humanity, caught in this terrible machinery of war, twisted and tortured, has yet shown itself full of glorious qualities—incredibly brave, beautifully kind, angelically patient, heroically devoted, magnificently bountiful. Could all these sweet bells be only jangled into the savage discord of war—can they not be accorded into the music of a noble civilization? This war has proved that there is no height or depth of vision but human nature is adequate to make it real.—ZANGWILL.

* *

Whatever may be thought of socialism as an economic doctrine, its internationalism makes it the sanest force in modern politics, and the only large body which has preserved some degree of judgment and humanity in the present chaos.—Prof. Bertrand Russell.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

A Magazine of Sane Radicalism

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Introducing the Editor

It is claimed, in all seriousness, that in 1815 an old woman was found in Paris who had never heard of Napoleon. And she was not insane either, tho of course she could not have been particularly bright. And this story, apocryphal tho it may be, always consoles me when I meet or hear of somebody who had never come across any of my books or even heard of me as a writer or an editor. Such is fame. Here for twenty-five years—I started early, and my first book and magazine article appeared in 1894—I have been burning the metaphoric midnight oil—candles, kerosene, gas and electricity—trying to reform humanity and to correct the Lord's mistakes (to borrow my friend Schroeder's favorite phrase); I have written more than a dozen books running into many editions, and have founded and edited half a dozen magazines; I have succeeded in making hosts of opponents and enemies—yes, I have become quite expert in the gentle art of making enemies; I have even had the distinction of running afoul of our good, liberal, never-never-autocratic government; and still there are some people left to whom the editor's name is as if he had never been.

Well, no matter. I have met people who had never heard of William Dean Howells, Robert Chambers, Laura Jean Libbey, and in Hilo I met a bookseller who had never heard of G. B. S.

And so to those good souls who have lived these many years in darkness a few words of introduction may prove acceptable.

The Editor does not belong to any party, group, clique or circle. He is not bound by any tenets, dogmas, programs or platforms. He owes allegiance to nobody and nothing but his reason and conscience. He follows no leader and he has no following. He is the loneliest, even if not the lonest, man in America. If the term had not been so greatly abused and if the word lance were not a

military weapon, he would say that he is a free lance. Whatever he does, he does on his own hook, on his own initiative, without consultation with anybody, and without anybody's participation. He has no associate or assistant editors, no contributors, no helpers. Some people do their best work in teams, some can work only alone; the Editor belongs to the latter class. His strongest characteristic is a desire for absolute independence, and in all his literary work he prefers to be entirely independent of any outsiders. He even reads proofs himself, makes up his own dummies, and himself prepares the indices. He has never edited a journal which he could not whenever necessary—and it often was necessary—write himself from first page to last. And what is true of the literary part is true of the financial part. He sells no stock, accepts no donations; he goes the thing alone; he takes upon himself the full responsibility.

He started *THE CRITIC AND GUIDE* seventeen years ago with a capital of a dollar and a half and it has steadily grown until now it is a sturdy influential youngster; and so I hope that the *VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS* will continue to grow steadily in strength and in volume until it is heard thruout the United States.

And now, the ice being broken, I am going to put all my cards right on the table. I was always opposed to sailing under false colors, and I do not want you to listen to my Voice under false pretences; so I am going to tell you right frankly just what my ideas and beliefs are on a number of subjects. I cannot tell you everything I believe or disbelieve; it would occupy too much space and some of it would be irrelevant. But I will tell you what my ideas are on the world in general and on the burning questions of the day. And you can then decide if you care to listen to the *VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS* or not.

And so here is my Credo.

CREDO

General

I believe this is a pretty rotten world—about as rotten as it can be. He who said: "This is the best of all possible worlds," was an imbecile.

I believe that the rottenness is not permanent but temporary, because it is due to human stupidity and ignorance, which are remediable and removable conditions.

I believe that human cruelty is due not so much to innate wickedness as to stupidity, and the stupidity is not entirely innate either, but is due to ignorance, and the ignorance is deliberately fostered by the

plutocracy and its three tools: the bureaucracy, the church and above all the newspapers.

I believe that all our old time governments are about equally bad. There is very little if any difference, for instance, between the British and French Governments on the one hand and the former Kaiser's or late Czar's Government on the other. The former care as little for human rights and are as callous to human suffering as were the latter.

I believe that the state exists for the comfort and happiness of the individual, and has no other function. The state was created for the individual and not the individual for the state.

I believe that at the present time the newspapers are mankind's greatest curse, freedom's greatest menace; the greatest obstacle in the path of human happiness, love and universal brotherhood.

I believe that a democracy—so-called—can be as unjust, as cruel, as autocratic as the very worst of autocracies. Strictly speaking, there is yet no democratic country on the face of the globe. There may be, however, within a decade or two. There are the beginnings of genuine democracy in several European countries.

I believe that a mob is a nasty thing, and in a republic or a so-called democracy it often does the vicious and cruel things which are done by the autocracy in monarchical and absolute countries.

I believe, of course, in free speech, free press and free peaceable assembly. He who does not believe in these things is either a fool or a knave or both, and no arguments need be wasted on him.

I believe that the deliberate telling of a lie is as much of a crime as assault and battery or arson or the poisoning of wells or murder; it is often more anti-social than theft or burglary. The greater the number of people which the lie reaches the greater the crime. Newspapers that are given to the deliberate telling of lies and the spreading of slanders should be held to account and severely punished.

I believe that our educational system is rotten from the bottom to the top. It crushes, in the vast majority of cases, all initiative and power of independent rational thinking. Our universities are the worst in the world, and the presidents of our universities are not chosen for their scholarship but for their success in begging money from the rich.

I believe that "my country, right or wrong" is a vicious immoral maxim responsible for much misery and numerous rascalities and atrocities.

The War and the Nations

I believe that, *most likely*, the world as a whole would have been better off if we had kept on keeping out of the war. It may be too soon to pass final judgment, but so it seems to me.

I believe that the experiment in Russia is the most wonderful experiment that the world has ever attempted, and it is a thousand billion pities that the vicious and the stupid within that country and outside of it will not permit that experiment to take its natural course, to pursue a natural development. If the revolution in Russia is crushed by the Russian reactionaries aided by foreign bayonets, the world will never know whether bolshevism is humanity's greatest step forward and its ultimate salvation, or an impossible unworkable chimera.

I believe that history will sanctify the Bolshevik leaders in Russia as the world's greatest idealists inspired by the highest love for humanity. It will record that their recourse to force was a measure of pure self-defence necessitated by Russia's enemies, black hundreds and reactionaries who wanted to crush the revolution and bring Czarism back into that unhappy country.

I believe that the recognition of Kolchak and a decisive victory by him would prove one of the great momentous catastrophes in the world's history. For years and years the world would be soaked in blood, and the victims would be the world's liberal elements and its most defenseless nations. It would perhaps be a greater catastrophe than The War itself. An insane blood orgy by the world's most vicious elements would ensue and humanity would groan and perhaps go down under its unbearable burden.

I believe that anybody who is in favor of giving moral and material support to Kolchak and the other Russian reactionaries is a traitor to every noble human aspiration, a conscienceless renegade, a bitter hater of humanity.

I believe that the food blockade, the deliberate starving of millions of men, women and children because of the ideas they entertain is the greatest infamy in the world's history, and it is the Allies that are responsible for that infamy.

I believe that Paderewski and his crowd are not much better than Nicholas, Rasputin and Company, and that the independence of Poland is a tremendous, heartbreaking step backward in the march of true progress.

I believe that — tho one cannot praise or condemn a nation whole-sale — taken as a whole the Teutonic race is superior to the Slavish. The Germans and Austrians were never guilty of pogroms, of un-called for massacres of defenceless men, women and children.

I believe that the extremists in any radical and humanitarian movement sometimes injure it even more than the open enemies of the movement.

I believe that the preaching of violence and the forcible overthrow of the government in countries which have the democratic machinery of universal suffrage is unwise, injurious and therefore morally reprehensible or criminal. "Those who will not vote right will not shoot right." A thing that is right in one country is not necessarily right in another country.

I believe that those who foresee a bolshevist revolution in this country in six or twelve months or so have a hyperacute vision; they should get the proper glasses.

I believe that the worst red terror that the world ever witnessed pales into an almost invisible insignificance when compared with the white, or what I prefer to call the black terror of the same period. This is true of the French revolution, is true of present day Finland and Russia.

Birth Control

I believe that *undesired* children, undesired because too many or because coming at an inopportune time or for any other reason, is one of humanity's greatest curses. They are a terrible source of unhappiness to themselves, to their parents, and to the human race as a whole.

I believe, therefore, that rational birth control—birth control by the prevention of conception and not by abortion—is one of the most important measures for the salvation of mankind. My motto for many years has been: "There is no single measure that would so positively, so immediately contribute toward the happiness and the progress of the human race as teaching the people the proper means of preventing conception," or as we call it now for short, *prevenception*.

Personal

I believe in myself. I believe in my absolute sincerity, in my unimpeachable honesty and truthfulness, in my absolute lack of any conscious bias and freedom from any outside influence. I am convinced of the correctness of my attitude, I have no axes of any kind to grind, and I speak the truth as I see it, regardless of consequences. I *know* that in twenty years of public activity I have not spoken a word or written a line that I did not believe in with my whole heart and that was not influenced by one guiding motive: The happiness and the moral, spiritual and physical welfare of the human race.

In Conclusion

I believe we need a radical change — a political, industrial, social, religious and moral change — a change in the relations between individual and individual, between nation and nation.

We need more love and more light—more kindness, more intelligence, more understanding, more forgiveness.

* *

A Piece of Infamy

On June 12th one of the meanest and dirtiest pieces of infamy that history has any record of, has been perpetrated right here in the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. The freest democracy in the world has become the catspaw of the vilest autocracy in the world. A disgraceful raid—as if it were a raid on a gambling house—was made on the offices of the official representative of Soviet Russia, everything was rifled, all papers and documents were taken away, and the officials were treated as if they were criminals.

We seem to have lost all sense of decency. The Soviet Bureau conducted its affairs openly and above board, it did not in any way interfere in our affairs; its sole purpose was to furnish the American people authentic information about Soviet Russia, and to expose as far as possible the miserable lies and the poisonous propaganda conducted by the reptile press and paid for by Russia's black hundreds of various shades. One would think that a rational grown-up nation would be glad of the opportunity to hear the other side, and would treat the representatives, even the unofficial ones, of another great nation, with the proper courtesy and respect.

Instead we act like uncouth barbarians.

* *

Equal Before the Law—Of Course!

In a truly democratic country, such as ours, everybody is equal before the law. The same punishment for the same offence to rich and poor, to officer and common soldier. Here for instance are two cases, reported in *The Public*. They are taken from the records of Base Section Number Two, Service of Supply, and are numbered 78 and 79. The first case is that of an officer charged with *imposing upon two enlisted men* to the amounts of \$100 and \$182, respectively, and with being absent without leave for five days. The only punishment that the courts seem to have considered necessary was a reprimand and "confinement to the limits of his organization area" for thirty days. The succeeding case is that of a private who is charged with purloining a fountain pen, "value about \$2." This offense was considered heinous enough to justify a sentence of *six*

months at hard labor and *dishonorable* discharge from the army. The cases do not offer an unusual contrast. They are typical. It is such episodes as these, says *The Public*, that are building up such a powerful sentiment among returning soldiers against the arbitrary court-martial.

But is there a powerful sentiment against court-martial injustice, or any other injustice? Our soldiers unfortunately are no more given to thinking than our civilians.

* *

How About Those Bombs?

How about those fourteen or seventeen bombs that were sent by the anarchists or I. W. W.'s to as many prominent public men, and that were so promptly and conveniently discovered before they could do any damage? How is that with the thousands upon thousands of clever sleuths sherlockholmesing about and allegedly lending all their energies to the discovery of the perpetrators of this dastardly deed, not one of the makers or senders of the "bombs" has been apprehended?

Would it be too far-fetched to make one of the following suggestions:

1. There were no bombs at all, and the story was made up out of whole cloth, at the behest of the reactionary forces.
2. The "bombs" were fakes made out of sawdust.
3. If there were real bombs, the thing was a deliberate "frame up," in order to throw odium upon the radical elements and make it easier to pass vicious repressive laws. Such things are known to have been done before; so why not now? There is no dastardly deed which the forces of reaction and darkness would hesitate to commit if its commission would aid in the furthering of their schemes.

* *

The Real Bombs

The above item was in type when the newspapers brought reports of a number of real bombs having exploded simultaneously in various cities. *Assuming* these bombs to have been real—even if the papers reported an earthquake I would be skeptical until I received some corroborative evidence—one of two conclusions is inevitable.

(1) Either that the bombs were a put-up job, planted by some desperadoes, *encouraged or incited* to the act by the vicious reactionaries in order to injure the radical movement and make the passing of repressive laws easy. There is a great deal of internal evidence to make rational thinking people accept this conclusion as the correct one. (2) The other conclusion is that the bombs were placed by some insane wretches with perverted and distorted minds who may believe that they are the friends of labor and liberalism, but who

in effect are the worst enemies that the labor or liberal movement can have in this country. No sane liberal or radical, no sane I. W. W., not even a propaganda-of-the-deed anarchist, could think that he could improve conditions in this country by the means of bombs. Sending bombs means only putting a powerful weapon into the hands of the unscrupulous reactionaries. It means annoyance, repression and perhaps loss of liberty to thousands of peaceable and innocent radicals. It means savage sentences, it means brutal deportations, it means insane restrictions on immigration, and so forth and so forth.

In brief, no real lover of progress, no real friend of labor or of the radical movement would think of using such a stupid, dastardly weapon as a bomb, in this country. Consequently, as stated above, there are but two conclusions possible: either that the bombs were planted by *agents provocateurs*, by hirelings of the reactionaries, or by some insane fool with a perverted mind.

It is strange that up to the present the guilty parties have not yet been discovered. Perhaps somebody does not want them to be discovered. . . .

If I were rich, I would offer ten thousand or fifty thousand dollars for the discovery of the perpetrators of these stupid outrages which play so magnificently into the hands of the reactionaries and the imperialistic plutocrats.

P. S.—Yes, the more I think of it, the more convinced I am that my first conclusion is the correct one.

P. P. S.—The guilty parties have not been discovered yet!

* * *

The Intelligence of Our Senators

I have received a stenographic report of the testimony of Archibald E. Stevenson, that self-appointed sniffer for the reactionaries and the black hundreds, before the Overman Committee.

Reading it makes you sick at heart and sick at your stomach. You feel mentally and physically nauseated at the thought that in the hands of such ignoramuses lies the fate of millions of people. Once in a while you come across something that makes you smile. Mr. Sherlock Holmes Stevenson testifying: "The danger of the sympathy which was raised by the I. W. W. is illustrated by an advertisement which appeared in The New Republic on June 22, 1918."

Senator Nelson. Where is that published?

Mr. Stevenson. That is published in New York. It is a magazine.

Senator Nelson. Is it a monthly magazine?

Mr. Stevenson. No; it is a weekly magazine.

Senator Nelson. Who are the publishers of it?

Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Walter E. Weyl is the editor of it.

Senator Nelson. But who owns it?

Mr. Stevenson. I think the main backer of it was Willard D. Straight.

Now, just think of a Senator who is supposed to keep in touch with public opinion not knowing even of the existence of such a magazine as *The New Republic*! Is it any wonder that our Senators make such asses of themselves and that they are the laughing stock of all Europe? What would one think of a physician who never heard of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*? It seems to me that any self-respecting public man, a man with a spark of what is called conscience, ought to make it his business to read everything written on all sides of every public question. But no. These imbeciles get all their wisdom from *The New York Times* and *The Chicago Tribune*, and are not even aware that there is such a thing as another side.

If I were rich I would subscribe for a copy of *The New Republic*, *The Nation* and *The Dial* for every Senator and Congressman, and if I had the power I would *force* them to read them. Perhaps after a few months their crania would become permeable to reason and humaneness.

* * *

The Traceless Disappearance of Kolchak

In one of the bulletins which I sent out instead of *A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS*, when the latter was suppressed, and which was confiscated and destroyed by the government before a single copy could be mailed, I prayed for the "traceless disappearance" of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, von Hindenburg, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Samuel Gompers. The first three have disappeared from the world's stage, the last three unfortunately have not. Tho I expect that within a year they will be retired to merited obscurity.

If prayers were effective, I would now pray day and night, and I would request all liberals to do the same, for the traceless disappearance of that Czarist scoundrel, Kolchak. He is the symbol of everything that is vicious, brutal and cruel in this world. If you think I am too much exercised over the recognition of that wretch, it is because you don't know as well as I know what his victory would mean to Russia and to the world: rivers of blood, savage pogroms, massacres and shootings without end, in short, horrors, the like of which the world has not yet seen.—As to his "promises" to convoke a Constituent Assembly, etc., they are worth even less than a dirty scrap of paper.

Poor Babushka

Mark Twain's Mysterious Stranger says that death is sometimes the greatest gift of all. It certainly would have been in the case of some people. Take Babushka (Catherine Breshkovskaia) for instance. Had she died two years ago, she would have gone down in history as a great heroine, loved and revered by liberty-loving people of all countries. Now she is pitied by some, despised by others, and most of her warm admirers have turned from her. No matter how sincere she may be, one cannot respect a revolutionist who is doing everything to crush the revolution, and who has become the catspaw of the world's most unscrupulous reactionaries.

* *

Loyal Russians

"The British aided by the loyal Russians attacked the Bolshevik position," etc. I should like to ask the wretched "Times" just what it means when it refers to the counter-revolutionists as "loyal." Loyal to whom or to what? Loyal to the dead carcass of Nicholas II? Loyal to the Czarina? Or perhaps to Rasputin? Loyal to the dastardly brute Kolchak? To Denikin? Or perhaps to Kerensky? Why is loyalty to Lenin less loyal than loyalty to Kolchak or Kerensky? A paper without a spark of conscience speaking of loyalty!

* *

Kolchak's Mercenaries

Every country contains a large enough number of mercenaries who will hire themselves out to crush any cause. It would not be surprising if Kolchak did succeed in gathering a large army of mercenary Russians. Investigation proves, however, that Kolchak's armies do not consist of Russians, but are composed of semi-savage tribes, such as the Bashkirs, Kalmycks, etc. France had to use its black savage soldiers to suppress a strike in Paris—the white soldiers would not lend themselves to this dirty work, and so Kolchak must utilize Russia's most savage elements.

Without these savages and without the foreign bayonets and machine guns Kolchak's very name would now be a vague—and vaguely cursed—memory.

* *

"Struggling Russia" is struggling to destroy struggling Russia. It is a subsidized paper, supported by Russia's black hundreds, her aristocracy and plutocracy and all those nondescript radicals and socialists who are such only in theory but who get cold feet when their theories are applied in practice. It is a dishonest wretched sheet.



This Cartoon Needs No Caption!

Should Radicals Write for the Plutocratic Press?

*Correspondence Between W. J. Ghent, J. G. Phelps Stokes
and the Editor*

Is *The Nation* a better paper than *The New York Times*? Should radicals lend the moral prestige of their names by writing for the plutocratic and reactionary press? Particularly should they use the columns of that press for attacks on their former comrades and colleagues?

To me these questions admit of but one answer. But some radicals—we call them ex-radicals, but they still persist in calling themselves radicals—think differently.

Whether you know it or not, in addition to my other work I do an enormous amount of letter writing. When I read something that pleases me, whether I know the writer or not, I consider it my duty to send him a line of thanks and encouragement. Sometimes that line occupies several pages. Also when I read something that seems to me vicious, dishonest, perverse, anti-social, I consider it my duty to tell the writer what I think of him and of his work.

I am making no secret that I am a great admirer of *The Nation*. It is in my opinion the ideal radical newspaper and I do all I can to increase its circulation. Some of our ex-radicals do not like *The Nation*. It is a thorn in their flesh and so they try to hurt it. Mr. W. J. Ghent seems to be the most vicious one in this respect, and in *The National Civic Federation Review*, that remarkably liberal, fair-minded, labor-loving paper, he published a long attack on *The Nation*. One of our ex-radicals, I believe it was Mr. Edwin C. Walker, sent me a marked copy of that issue. And that started the correspondence. But let the correspondence speak for itself.

MR. W. J. GHENT
627 Belmont Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal.

May 7, 1919.

DEAR SIR:

Somebody who apparently knows that I am a great admirer of *The Nation* under its present management sent me a copy of *The National Civic Federation Review* of April 25, 1919, with your article in it marked and underscored.

I read it, and can hardly give proper expression to my sensation of nausea and disgust.

If you, ex-radicals, only knew with what contempt you are looked upon by the non-renegade, unlabeled and unaligned, and therefore usually unbiased liberals of the country, you would per-

haps hesitate in your work of contributing to the pages of the prostitute press and of lending aid and comfort to the enemy.

Your attack on *The Nation* in a plutocratic paper may be considered from two points of view, the general and the specific. Let us ask ourselves the following questions:

Is *The Nation* a paper that stands for liberalism, for humanitarianism, for freedom, for progress, for reason, for kindness in all human relations?—Everybody except a moron or a crook must answer this question in the affirmative.

The next question is: Do *The National Civic Federation Review*, *The Times*, *The Tribune* and several thousand other organs of the kept reptile plutocratic press stand for the status quo, for darkness, for reaction, for cruelty and force, for militarism and bureaucracy? Again everybody except a moron or a crook must answer the question in the affirmative.

And nevertheless, you who formerly professed to be a socialist and a humanitarian, stoop so low as viciously to attack one of the best papers in the world, and you publish your attack in a vicious capitalistic sheet, thus unquestionably giving joy and comfort to the forces of darkness and cruelty, and weakening the forces of light and humanitarianism.

This is the general point of view from which your attack on *The Nation* is to be considered.

The specific point of view is that your case against *The Nation* is no case at all, and falls to pieces on careful analysis. It is rot from beginning to end. When you say that *The Nation* refused to give space to witnesses who gave account of matters with which they were intimately acquainted, you are not telling the truth. For instance, one of the witnesses you mention is the Rev. G. A. Simons, a blatherskite, an ignoramus and a liar from beginning to end. He goes about the country repeating the story of the nationalization of women in Russia as if it were a fact, when as a matter of fact it has been shown to be a lie times without number. And the Rev. Simons knows that it is a lie and nevertheless goes on repeating it. Should *The Nation* give space to such testimony?

The Nation's characterization of the Overman Committee was not a bit too strong. If anything it was not strong enough. For every intelligent person carried away the conviction that all the witnesses that were against the Soviet Government were encouraged and given all the time they wanted, while those who were pro-Soviet were browbeaten and frowned upon.

To try to make a case out of the fact that certain passages in Tschitscherin's letter were italicized is the acme of absurdity. His

letter was printed as *The Nation* found it, and because certain passages are underlined there, that certainly does not mean that they met with the special approval of the editor.

Your statement that the capitalist journals do less juggling with the truth than the liberal and radical journals shows that you have lost all self-respect and that you are utterly beneath criticism. In this statement you have given yourself away, for you show that you respect and admire the kept prostitute press, which habitually and constantly lies, distorts, invents and conceals, more than you do the organs of liberalism and radicalism.

I could write many more pages, but as I recognize the utter futility, the utter hopelessness of making any impression on you, I will draw my letter to a close.

One suggestion I would make: When a man becomes a renegade from one religion to another, he does not hide the fact, the whole world knows it. And everybody knows that he has shaken off the dogmas of his former religion and adheres to the principles of his new one. It seems to me that the radicals who become renegades should be bold enough to state the fact, to state publicly that they have broken with their former associates and associations, that they have abjured their former beliefs and now stand solidly with the forces of darkness and reaction. Then they would not be sailing under false colors.

Yours very truly,

WM. J. ROBINSON.

To this letter I received no reply, but two weeks later I received the following letter from J. G. Phelps Stokes.

May 20, 1919.

DEAR DOCTOR ROBINSON:

I am greatly shocked by your letter of 7th inst. to Ghent, copy of which he has sent to me. In case you have occasion to attack Ghent publicly in this matter, I hope you will do me the personal favor of coupling my name with his in your condemnations. For I stand with Ghent absolutely in this matter and share his astonishment that you should become so abusive when the sham and fraud of certain of your "heroes" is exposed.

As a matter of fact (which you might have assumed but did not) Ghent's letter to Mussey was sent to Mussey first, for publication in such manner as he saw fit. It was only when Mussey refused or failed to publish any portion of it (in cowardly fashion, as I take it) that, after waiting three weeks, I (not Ghent) offered it to the *Times* (which paper you so scurrilously abuse). When the *Times* hesitated to use it on account of its great length, I (not Ghent) sent

it to Easley, in the very sincere hope that he would publish it in the Civic Federation's Review.

The Nation's fraud, in suppressing vital news in such fashion as to grossly misrepresent the truth about Russia (no less than the fraud of such of the Nation's friends as encourage such suppressions) required and still requires exposure. If the radicals, to their shame, object to its exposure, it must be exposed none the less in the most effective ways available.

Personally, I know nothing more disheartening in the radical movement than the way in which usually fair-minded men, like you, carry on when vital truths which they are unwilling to publish are published by their opponents.

With deep regret,

Sincerely yours,

J. G. PHELPS STOKES.

To this letter I replied as follows:

May 21, 1919

DEAR STOKES:

Your letter of the 20th just received. I am shocked at your being shocked at my letter to Ghent—I thought that such a letter would have, if not your full, at least your qualified approval.

I fear that there is a fundamental difference in our viewpoints, an unbridgeable chasm in our attitudes towards the questions of the day. I do not say there is, but I fear there may be, and if this should be the case, then of course all discussions between us would be futile.

In order to determine this point, I wish you would frankly answer a few questions.

Do you believe that The Times is an illiberal, reactionary paper, opposed to progress and justifying all the brutalities, stupidities and crimes of our social system? And do you believe that The Nation is a liberal, humane paper, searching for truth, justice and kindness in all human relations?

If you do not believe that there is an essential difference, not only quantitative but qualitative, between such papers as The New York Times and The Nation, then we have nothing to discuss. Then we really speak a different language and live in different centuries. For I verily consider The Times one of the vilest, one of the meanest, most corrupt, most unscrupulous journals of the powers of darkness, cruelty and militaristic plutocracy. While The Nation, even if it has its faults (tho I have not found any) I consider a herald of the future, a harbinger of light, an exemplar of what journalism should be and of what undoubtedly it will be in the not very distant future. And as magazines are not edited and published

by shadows but by living human beings, I have no hesitation in saying that I consider Adolph S. Ochs a coarse, selfish plutocrat who is publishing *The Times* exclusively for the money that there is in it, while I consider Oswald Garrison Villard a high-minded, unselfish humanitarian, who is publishing *The Nation* as an instrument of progress and internationalism.

I repeat, that if you do not agree with me on this point, that is, if you consider *The Times* and *The Nation* of essentially the same character, or if you perhaps consider *The Times* even a better, more fair-minded publication than *The Nation*, then we have nothing further to say to each other. It would be a waste of time.

And by the way, I wish you would explain to me this mystery; at least it is a mystery to me. Many of our former radicals, socialists, etc. (I will not mention any names now), used to refer to our capitalistic press in terms of utmost scorn—prostitute press, reptile press, kept press, were some of the epithets. Now those same radicals are anxious to get into the columns of that press. Why?

That press has not changed any—if anything it has become worse; it is certainly more virulent, more unscrupulous than it was five years ago. So the change must certainly be with those radicals and former socialists. Otherwise I cannot explain why what was a crime five years ago is quite justifiable now. Isn't that so?

To go back to the former point. I will re-emphasize, *if* you do not consider that there is a fundamental difference in favor of *The Nation* as against *The Times* and its ilk, then we have nothing further to discuss. Assuming, however, that you *do* believe that *The Nation*, *The Dial* and *The New Republic* stand for something higher, nobler, more humane and progressive than *The Times*, *The Tribune*, *The Globe* and the *Civic Federation Review*, it is nothing short of criminal to try to pick flaws in the liberal papers and expose those flaws in the organs of the enemy. What would you have thought of one who when the German menace seemed at its worst had discovered some flaws in the Allies' conduct of the war and tried to publish them broadcast? That is exactly what we, unswerving liberals and radicals, think of our ex-liberal and radical friends who try to find insignificant, non-essential flaws in the liberal press and proclaim their findings in the pages of the reactionary anti-social magazines.

And let me ask another question. It has perhaps no direct relation to the subject of this letter, but it is important, for your answer will help me towards the proper attitude in relation to you, Ghent, Walling, Spargo, etc. Up to November 11th many things, or perhaps all things, of which our former radicals were guilty could be explained. I cannot excuse them, but I can understand them—and

to understand is to forgive, say the French. But I must say I cannot understand their attitude since the armistice. For instance, I cannot understand why I saw no protest from you and the people whom you represent against the horrible, sadistic brutalities to which the conscientious objectors were subjected, brutalities which remind one of the darkest periods of the Czaristic reaction. I cannot understand why you did not come out with a strong virile protest against the insanely cruel sentences by our judges, against the openly encouraged mob violence, against the vicious magazines that advise to "treat 'em rough," and to beat up and murder every liberal, against the invasions of the Rand School, against the murderous, old-fashioned pogrom in The Call Building on May first, etc., etc., etc. In short, I cannot understand, why *after* the German autocracy had been crushed, why *after* the menace of militarism had disappeared, *after* the world was made safe for democracy, you did not come back into the liberal ranks, showing that your alliance with the reactionaries was merely a temporary, so to say, emergency measure, but that henceforth you would again join hands with the humanitarian liberal forces. Upton Sinclair did just that, and I hoped that all or at least many of you would act in a similar manner. Perhaps you will—let us hope so.

Let me quote your last paragraph in full: "Personally," you say, "I know of nothing more disheartening in the radical movement than the way in which usually fairminded men like you carry on when vital truths which they are unwilling to publish are published by their opponents."

First of all, I must say that I deny absolutely that any of the liberal papers are unwilling to publish any "vital truths." I challenge either you or Ghent or Spargo or Walling to mention a single "vital truth" which any liberal or radical paper was unwilling to publish. Vicious lies, perverted, subtle half-truths, poisonous slanders invented by blatherskites, ignoramuses, paid propagandists, black hundreds, plutocratic emigres, have been printed in our reptile press as "vital truths" and it is such "vital truths," utterly beneath the contempt of anybody but a moron, that the liberal press refuses to soil their columns with. The intended St. Bartholomew's Night, the detailed assassination of Babushka, the nationalization of women in Russia—here are some samples of "vital truths" which were published in our prostitute press which our ex-radicals claimed to believe in and which our radical papers were too intelligent, too honest, to pay any attention to.

You say you know nothing more disheartening, etc. I do know something more disheartening. It is more disheartening, a million times more disheartening, to find in the most terrible crisis with which

this country was ever confronted, at a time when all the forces of darkness, reaction, brutality, lawlessness and mob violence are determined to crush every vestige of liberalism and humaneness, it is sickening and disheartening, I say, to find at such a time, people whom we fondly considered liberals and humanitarians making common cause with the enemy. If ever there was a period in which one could not straddle, that period is now. One must openly declare his allegiance to Ormuzd or Ahriman.

With sincere personal regards, but with deep regret at your inability to adopt the correct point of view,

Cordially yours,

WM. J. ROBINSON.

Then followed this letter:

May 23, 1919.

DEAR DOCTOR ROBINSON:

I have read and re-read your letter of Wednesday with closest attention, hoping that I may by no mischance misunderstand you. I fear you are right in assuming that a chasm, for the present unbridgeable, has developed between your and my attitude towards great questions of the day. I regret intensely to have come to feel that despite the best intentions, you are at present incapable of being fair in your attitude towards some of these questions.

"Renegade," "liar," "ignoramus," "blatherskite," "kept," "prostitute," "reptile," "moron," "crook,"—these and similar epithets used so freely by you are not in my experience addressed by fair-minded men to those whose opinions differ from their own as regards fundamental questions of the day. You are certainly correct in your suggestion that at present at least "we speak a different language." It seems to me not unfair to assume that the different language reflects correctly our present bias or lack of it.

Yes, I agree with you that there is an essential difference, not merely quantitative but qualitative, between such papers as *The New York Times* and *The Nation*. I read with regularity or great frequency besides the *Times* and the *Nation*, such pro-Bolshevist papers as the *Call*, the *Revolutionary Age*, the *Communist*, the *Rebel Worker*, the *New York Socialist*, etc. Each paper of course receives through its own channels some news not received by the others. But on the whole I find vastly more pro-Bolshevist Russian news in the columns of the *Times* than in all the others put together; whereas, the *Nation* and all the other pro-Bolshevist papers (except occasionally the *Call*) publish nothing whatever "on the other side," or that could in the opinion of its editors discredit in any way the Bolshevik contentions.

You write me that you consider the Times "one of the vilest, meanest, most corrupt, most unscrupulous tools of the powers of darkness, cruelty and military plutocracy." Do you really feel that entertaining this attitude towards it, you can appraise fairly the credibility of its contents? I do not.

I agree with you that at the present time you and I "live in different centuries." You have gone back to the dark ages, when anger, passion, meanness "and all uncharitableness" ruled the affairs of men: and are (or appear to be) doing what you can to aid and support those very reactionary groups who would wreck the achievements of Democracy and substitute for them the dictatorial rule of wholly ruthless factions. In my opinion you have placed yourself in the same class as that to which democracy has always consigned all who seek either personal or group advantage by attempting to ride roughshod over their fellowmen. For your present attitude I, your long-time friend, have no slightest respect whatever.

You say you cannot understand why you saw no protest from me and the people I represent against the brutalities to which some of the conscientious objectors have been subjected. One reason is that I am not in the habit of rushing into print in condemnation of everything that I see of evil. Sometimes rushing into print is helpful; but at other times there are more effective ways of bringing about corrections of wrongs. I enclose for your information in this connection copy of my letter of December 12th, 1918, to Secretary Baker, which I have reason to believe had *some* influence, however slight, in bringing about the sweeping reforms in the treatment of conscientious objectors that ensued a couple of weeks later. In the same connection I enclose herewith copy of the Social Democratic League's report of its activities during the past year. The statement appearing on the last page was published widely by the "reptile press" that you abhor, and completely ignored, so far as I could observe, by all the pro-Bolshevist sheets that you so greatly admire.

You challenge me "to mention a single vital truth" which any liberal or radical paper was unwilling to publish. You say "the liberal press refuses to soil their columns" with such "vicious lies" and "poisonous slanders" as the report of an intended "St. Bartholomew's night" in Russia last fall. I would ask your attention to the January, 1919, issue of "The Liberator." In that issue you will find that Max Eastman, writing over his signature with regard to that particular matter, wrote as follows: "I have learned the exact truth of the matter as follows: Zinovieff, the President of the Petrograd Soviet, in a heated speech made the threat of a general execution on St. Bartholomew's Eve. * * * " The Northern Commune,

which as you doubtless know is the official organ of the Petrograd Soviet, in its issue of September 19, 1918, quotes Zinovieff as follows: "To overcome our enemies we must have our own Socialist militarism. We must win over to our side ninety millions out of the one hundred millions of population of Russia under the Soviet. As for the rest, we have nothing to say to them; they must be annihilated." The issue of the Northern Commune for the previous evening, September 18th, quotes the following resolution as having been adopted by the Soviet of the first district of Petrograd: "The meeting welcomes the fact that *mass terror is being used* against the White Guards and the higher bourgeois classes, and declares that every attempt on the life of any of our leaders will be answered by the proletariat by the shooting down not only of hundreds, *as the case is now*, but of thousands of White Guards, bankers, manufacturers, constitutional Democrats and Socialists—revolutionists of the Right." The same paper in its issue of September 19th, published the following: "The Council of People's Commissars having considered the report of the Chairman of the Extraordinary Commission, finds that under the existing conditions it is most necessary to secure the safety of the rear by means of terror. *All persons belonging to the White Guard organizations or involved in conspiracies and rebellion are to be shot.*"

Izvestia, which as you know is the official organ of the Moscow Soviet, in its issue of October 19th, published the following dispatch from Petrograd dated October 17th: "At today's meeting of the conference of the Extraordinary Investigating Commission Comrades Moros and Baky read reports giving an account of the activities of the Extraordinary Commission in Petrograd and Moscow. * * * The total number of people arrested by the Extraordinary Commission amounted to 6,220. *Eight hundred people were shot.*"

The Northern Commune, on September 10th, published the following: "In the whole Jaroslavl Government a strict registration of the bourgeoisie and its partisans has been organized. *Manifestly anti-Soviet elements are being shot.*"

Etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Doctor, I might go on by the hour, quoting Bolshevik authorities exclusively, citing many scores, and even hundreds of similar "vital truths" about the Bolshevik regime in Russia that have been quite as accessible to the editors of your liberal papers as to me, but which your "liberal" papers have most shamefully refused to take note of or to present for the consideration or attention of their readers. If you personally have been unaware of all this, then in my opinion you should be ashamed of yourself for professing in such viciously abusive language to understand a situation of which you

know so little. If on the contrary you are familiar with it, then in my opinion you should be still more ashamed of yourself for slandering as you do more courageous and fairer men who publish the truth without regard to the consequences to themselves, and even though the truth hurt their friends. In either case you should, I feel, be thoroughly ashamed of yourself. I, for one, am thoroughly ashamed of you.

And yet I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. G. PHELPS STOKES.

May 26, 1919.

DEAR STOKES:

I have read your letter of the 23rd very, very carefully. I suppose if I told you that in my opinion you evaded the entire issue you would be very much surprised. Still it is so. I asked you whether you believed that there was an essential difference between such papers as *The New York Times* and *The Nation*, and you answer that you find vastly more pro-Bolshevik Russian news in the columns of *The Times*, etc., as if it were a question of news.

First of all, the discussion does not refer exclusively to Bolshevism or Russia—it refers to reaction and liberalism in general. Naturally, *The Times* being a newspaper, it has more news than the weeklies. It is not the function of the weeklies to print news. What I asked you and what you could not have misunderstood, was whether there is not an essential difference between the general position, between the editorial opinions of such papers as *The Times* and such papers as *The Nation*; this you completely failed to answer. I will try again.

First. Do you believe that in every civilized country there are reactionary forces, forces that would leave everything in statu quo, forces that would keep the people in darkness and in slavery, forces that know only one way of dealing with questions of the day, and that is by brute strength? Such forces are generally represented by the powers that be, by the militaristic clique of every nation, by the plutocracy, particularly the imperialistic plutocracy, and by the daily newspapers. Now, answer plainly, do you believe that there are such forces in every civilized country in the world—yes or no?

Second. Do you believe that there are liberal and humane forces in this world, forces that believe in liberty, enlightenment, kindness, in giving the worker the product of his labor, forces that are opposed to territorial aggrandizement, to oppression of one nation by another, etc.?

Third. If you believe that there are such antagonistic forces in each civilized country, the forces of reaction and darkness against the forces of liberalism and light, which forces do you think does The Times represent and which forces does The Nation represent? If you believe that The Times is a reactionary, plutocratic, imperialistic paper, then how can you find it consistent with your conscience to contribute to that paper, to lend it prestige, and particularly how can you use its pages to attack your former comrades? (All thru the letter when I say *you*, I do not mean you personally, but I mean the people you represent, such as Walling, Ghent, Spargo, etc.; please bear this in mind.) Upton Sinclair tho as strongly for the war as any of you, nevertheless refused to contribute articles to the plutocratic press.

You seem to be wrought up over the fact that I use certain epithets against people whose opinions differ from my own. Oh, no, my friend. This is not a matter merely of opinion. You being more or less satisfied with the world as it is, finding nothing to make your blood boil, can remain calm and use polite language. We do not find the world all right. The injustice and brutalities that are committed every day make our blood boil. The savage suppression of free press, free speech, the violence of the hoodlums and hooligans, the unparalleled brutality to the conscientious objectors, the tarrings and featherings and lynchings, ignored or gently approved of by our hireling press, the wretched peace treaty at Versailles, which is a mockery of all the principles and protestations which made us believe that at last the liberal world had a real spokesman, the blockade of Russia, a crime unparalleled in history, by which about two hundred thousand men, women and children die every month from starvation, the moral and material support given to that Czaristic murderer Kolchak, who wants to restore the monarchy in Russia, the brazen trampling upon the Constitution and upon every law of this country by the powers that be whenever the Constitution or law is inconvenient to them—such things are stabs in the heart and blows to the brain of every honest thinking humanitarian. And when we see that former liberals and radicals are making common cause with, or at least give their moral support to the reactionaries, murderers and executioners, we cannot remain smug and calm and philosophical, and we cannot be blamed for using language which expresses our thoughts and feelings.

Would you have used polite, parliamentary language in speaking of the deeds of Philip the Second and Torquemada, of Nicholas the Second and Rasputin? No. The fact is, that while I have a fair vocabulary, I find that my language is utterly inadequate to ade-

quately express my horror at the things that are taking place now every day, and at the active or passive supporters of those things. In your former letter you said that I "scurriliously" abused The Times. (Of course you know that when I speak of The Times I merely take it as a type of the plutocratic, imperialistic newspaper. It is neither better nor worse than The Tribune or The Herald or The Chicago Tribune or any of a thousand other prostitute newspapers.) No, scurrilous abuse of The Times would be *entirely impossible* because no language could adequately characterize the dishonesty, perversion and brutality of our newspapers. And the reason language is inadequate for this purpose is because when language was developing the possibility of such criminally anti-social agencies was not foreseen. The people were too naive and simple then and therefore no adequate expressions were developed. Perhaps in time they will be.

You bring proofs or alleged proofs of executions by the Bolsheviks. I do not know that anybody ever denied that a number of people were imprisoned or executed by the Bolsheviks. But what decent people do claim is this. First, that the number of executions was viciously and deliberately exaggerated. Second, that executions took place only against active counter-revolutionists and assassins. Such self-defence is permissible or at least natural to any government. Just think what our government would do to a group of people who would deliberately plan to assassinate our President, his Cabinet, the Senators and members of Congress, etc. Third, that the executions only began to take place after the Allied interference, after the people of Russia became frantic with fear that the fruits of the revolution, which cost Russia so much anguish and so much blood would be destroyed by the counter-revolutionists and foreign mercenaries. Fourth, that in spite of the so-called "terror" of the Bolsheviks, it is absolutely insignificant as compared with the ruthless mass murders of men, women and children by such beasts as General Manerheim of Finland, and Admiral Kolchak, Denikin, etc. It will not be long before history will show who were the real idealists and friends of the Russian people and who were its murderers and executioners.

I also could write ad infinitum to prove who of us represents the forces of liberalism and humanity, but time forbids, and besides, I fear it would be futile.

One concluding word. You say you are utterly ashamed of me. All right, go on being ashamed. It doesn't matter. Kolchak or Senator King or Senator Overman might be ashamed of you and your, to them, extreme radicalism. I am not ashamed of myself. On the contrary I am exceedingly proud. I am proud of myself that I have not been affected by the bloodlust and hysteria of the last few years,

but remained true to my ideals of humanitarianism and international brotherhood. I am more proud of my four issues of the VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS than of the one hundred and ninety-eight consecutive monthly issues of The Critic and Guide. Anyone can be a radical when it is safe to be one, but not everyone can be a radical when by being so he runs dangers at the hands of an autocratic government or an infuriated, hysterical, blood-lusting mob.

No, I am not ashamed of myself. But I do fear that the time is not very far distant when very many of your friends will feel truly ashamed of themselves. They will feel so ashamed that they will not be able to look in a mirror or into the eyes of real, unswerving humanitarians. They will feel so ashamed of themselves that they will wear sackcloth and ashes and cry, *peccavi, peccavi*, and some will be happy to get back into the ranks of the party from which they so vociferously resigned. There are significant signs of it at the present. Upton Sinclair is one such sign. And I see that The Appeal to Reason, which changed back to its old name, is changing also its attitude. There is a lame and what seems to me disingenuous explanation in the last issue to that effect. They say that they were not responsible for the former renegade attitude of The Appeal.

Yes, friend Stokes, I have the warmest, friendliest feeling for you personally, and for that reason I trust that the time is not far distant when you will feel truly ashamed of your present attitude. For when you do begin to feel ashamed it will show that it was only your intellect that was temporarily beclouded, and that your heart was always in the right place.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. J. ROBINSON.

May 29, 1919.

DEAR DOCTOR:

The utter falseness of the exceedingly mean statements with which you open your letter of 26th inst. to me, is sufficiently proven by a single word,—the first word in the third paragraph of my letter of May 23rd to you. The balance of your letter is in keeping with its beginning.

You say you are exceedingly proud of yourself. If this includes pride in your recent letters to Ghent and me, I am exceedingly sorry.

J. G. PHELPS STOKES.

May 31st, 1919.

DEAR STOKES:

The truth of the statement that letters are very unsatisfactory mediums of discussion has again been corroborated. But there is no reason for getting angry. I have not impugned your bona fides, for

I am as convinced of your sincerity as I am of my own. Only—are you familiar with the Freudian philosophy and do you know what we understand by an unconscious defence mechanism?

The first word of the third paragraph of your letter of May 23rd is—Yes. You state that you agree that there is an essential difference between such papers as *The New York Times* and *The Nation*. But let anybody read that paragraph, and see whether nine people out of ten, or perhaps ten out of ten, will not take it that while recognizing that there is such a difference between the two classes of papers, you do not imply that the difference is in favor of *The Times*.

To me the matter is a very simple one:

(1) The forces of reaction in this country are unscrupulous and active as never before.

(2) The papers that represent those forces of reaction and darkness are *The New York Times*, *Tribune*, *Civic Federation Review*, and all others of the same kind and ilk.

(3) The forces of liberalism and humanitarianism in this country are very weak, but they are valiantly striving to counteract the pernicious and infamous activity of the forces of reaction.

(4) The forces of liberalism and humanitarianism are represented by such papers as *The Nation*, *The Dial*, *The New Republic*, *The Voice in the Wilderness*, *The Call*, *The Seattle Union Record*, etc.

(5) Men who were considered liberals and humanitarians and whom we had a right to expect would aid the liberal forces of the country, are making common cause with the forces of reaction, are lending the prestige of their names to the reactionary and anti-social papers, attacking in the columns of these papers the liberals and liberal papers of the country, thus giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Here is the entire problem. Have I presented it right? And if I have, has the action of Messrs. Walling, Ghent, Bohn, Spargo, etc., been right?

It would be interesting to live ten or twenty-five years from now and see in what category history will place the above-mentioned gentlemen on the one hand, and Eugene Debs and Kate O'Hare, for instance, on the other.

I should really be interested to have you answer this letter calmly and dispassionately.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. J. ROBINSON.

[And here the matter rests for the present.]

I consider "The Madness at Versailles" the finest article on this side of the Atlantic Ocean that the infamous treaty at Paris has brought forward. It deserves the widest possible circulation. The issue of *The Nation* in which it appeared was quickly exhausted, people offering as much as one dollar a copy without being able to obtain one. Those who were unable to read Mr. Villard's splendid paper, breathing passionate and righteous indignation, in *The Nation*, will be glad of the opportunity to read in in the *VOICE OF THE WILDERNESS*. Every man and woman in the United States who can read and understand English should be forced to read "The Madness at Versailles."

* *

The Madness at Versailles

It was not to be hoped that there would be a generous peace. The wickednesses of the German armies were too obvious, the bad faith of the German Imperial Government had been too clearly demonstrated to admit of any settlement which did not impose heavy penalties and exact specific and ample guarantees. The temper of the victorious Allies as a whole was too harsh, and that of the French in particular too strained with nervous dread, to make possible a peace under which Germany would have much power to recuperate rapidly. Moreover, official reports and unofficial intimations from Paris, although dealing for the most part with scattered details rather than with larger or connected topics, have been sufficient to indicate that the Peace Conference was little disposed to make concessions, and increasingly inclined to be drastic. For a rigorous peace, in short, the world was already somewhat prepared. But it was not prepared for a peace of undisguised vengeance, for a peace which openly flouts some of the plainest dictates of reason and humanity, repudiates every generous word that Mr. Wilson has ever uttered regarding Germany, flies in the face of accepted principles of law and economics, and makes the very name of democracy a reproach. In the whole history of diplomacy there is no treaty more properly to be regarded as an international crime than the amazing document which the German representatives are now asked to sign.

Only as one keeps in mind the high professions with which the war was conducted—professions of which Mr. Wilson, more than any one else, was the polished and unctuous mouthpiece, and which the Allies by their applause impliedly accepted—is the enormity of what has happened to be fully comprehended. The world was to be made safe for democracy. German militarism was to be crushed, and the German Constitution itself was to be so changed as to emancipate the German people from autocratic rule and make impossible the

repetition of such a war as this one had proved itself to be. The German people, who, it was repeatedly affirmed, had had no part in bringing on the war, and who at the worst were the helpless instruments of its prosecution, were to be freed from tyranny and given a chance to take their place among the peoples who love liberty and practice righteousness. Again and again, in rhetorical documents in which Mr. Wilson expounded to a waiting world the divine order of human society, he declared that America, at least, had no quarrel with the German people, that it begrudged them no greatness which their industry and intelligence might attain, and that a victorious peace, if it meant punitive damages or harsh restraint, would be worse than useless as a world settlement. And for the attainment of these ends and their sanctification, a League of Nations was to be set up, with Germany itself, if it would cease to do evil and learn to do well, as one of its members.

How have these generous professions, honorable alike to those who made them and to those who trusted them, been carried out? The treaty affords only one answer. Germany and the German people are virtually to be destroyed. The burdens which the treaty imposes are heavier than any people can bear and progress. To begin with, German territory is to be diminished. Including Alsace-Lorraine, Silesia, Posen, the Saar Basin, and other areas, Germany is to lose 35,175 square miles, in addition to 8,572 square miles in Schleswig and East Prussia which will presumably have to be parted with in consequence of referendum votes on the question of allegiance for which the treaty provides. Even conceding that the whole of Alsace-Lorraine ought to be restored to France, and that the inhabitants of the designated portions of Schleswig and East Prussia should be allowed to determine their allegiance, the loss of territory still aggregates 29,575 square miles. In addition to deprivation of territory in Europe, Germany is to renounce in favor of the Allies and the other so-called associated Powers all its overseas possessions, including not only its colonies but its rights and property in China, Siam, Liberia, Morocco, Egypt, Turkey and Bulgaria. The destruction of Germany's military and naval power is virtually complete: its army is reduced to 100,000 men, its navy is cut down to a handful of vessels, conscription is abolished, the further construction of wireless stations is forbidden, and most of its cables are appropriated by the victors. Within a zone of fifty kilometres east of the Rhine all fortifications are to be destroyed.

All this, drastic as it is, forms only the opening chapter. There are to be reparations, indemnities, and strangling economic punishments as well. What the aggregate amount of indemnities and reparations is to be has not, apparently, yet been determined, but,

whatever it is, Germany is to go on paying it for thirty years, beginning with an initial payment within two years of a billion pounds sterling. At the same time it is required to devote its economic resources directly to the restoration of the invaded regions of Belgium and France; to deliver annually for ten years to those countries and to Italy great quantities of coal (one of its principal coal fields, the Saar Basin, having in the meantime been surrendered); and to grant to the Allied and associated Powers preferences and concessions in trade which will go far toward destroying German competition in any branch of industry. As if deliberately to add insult to penalty, the victors further propose to exact from Germany most-favored-nation treatment for their own vessels in the German fishing and coasting trade, and even in towage; while as a guarantee that the requirements of the treaty will be met, German territory west of the Rhine, together with the bridgeheads on that river, is to be occupied by Allied and associated troops for fifteen years, unless in the meantime the requirements of the treaty are fully complied with.

Nor is this all. The provisions for the disarmament of Germany, which might easily, had the victorious Powers so chosen, have been made a beneficent illustration of how a great state might live in peace and happiness without an army or a navy greater than the needs for a police, are wholly negated, so far as moral value is concerned, by the failure of the treaty to provide for any measure whatever of disarmament on the part of the Allies and their associates. As the treaty stands, Germany is to be stripped of its means of defence as well as of offence, while its conquerors hover about it fully armed. If there were still need of proof that the League of Nations, as a device for insuring world peace, is only an alliance of three great Powers to enforce their will upon all the others, the treatment accorded to Germany at this point should furnish the demonstration. Further, what is to be said for a treaty which requires Germany to "hand over to the associated Governments, either jointly or severally, all persons" accused of "having committed acts in violation of the laws and customs of war," together with "all documents and information necessary to insure full knowledge of the incriminating acts, the discovery of the offenders, and the just appreciation of the responsibility," one of the alleged offenders being the former Kaiser, now outside of German territory; to concede in advance the validity of treaties yet to be made with Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, including the decisions which may be made regarding their territory; to recognize in advance any new states that may be formed out of the territory of the three Powers mentioned, with such boundaries as may be agreed upon; to accept in advance the decisions of prize courts of the Allies

regarding ships or goods; and to admit the jurisdiction of a League of Nations of which it is not a member, and which it cannot enter save with the unanimous consent of the Powers which are seeking its destruction?

Such are the terms to which the representatives of Germany are asked to set their hands without demur. Such is the treaty which is to end a war fought to overthrow autocracy and militarism and to enthrone democracy and peace. Such is the settlement to which the President of the United States has given his approval, and which the Senate of the United States will be asked to ratify. The heinousness of its offending, the calculating harshness of its demands and impositions, the gross repudiation of moral obligations and good faith which it involves, its gross injustice to the Allied peoples themselves and to their moral standing, become only the more apparent as its terms are studied. It is a peace of vengeance, not of justice. It will not restore Germany to the family of nations; it will destroy Germany as a Great Power. What will be the fate of Germany if the treaty prevails is, however, quite the least important aspect of the matter; the great and startling question now is what will be the fate of democracy, of political and economic liberty, of morals and ideals? How stands it with the peoples at this grave moment in the world's career?

It would be idle now to mince words. The meaning of the treaty is obvious. After nearly five years of strenuous effort and high expectancy, the hopes of the peoples have been destroyed. The progress of democracy as either a theory or a practice of social righteousness has been suddenly and forcibly checked. The great reforms which were to substitute the rule of peoples for the rule of Governments, abolish war as a means of aggression or of settling international disputes, break down alliances and balances of power, put secret diplomacy under the ban, do away with discriminating tariffs, establish the right of self-government for all peoples who desired it and were fit to exercise it, and bind the nations in a world league in which all would enjoy equal rights and equal opportunity, have been checked in their progress. In place of these helpful things of which patriots had dreamed, and which the peoples of the world for one brief moment imagined they were about to grasp, there has been enthroned at Versailles an arrogant and self-sufficient autocracy of five Great Powers, two of which are practically at the mercy of the other three; an autocracy owning no authority save its own will, deliberating in secret, parcelling out privileges and territory as best serves its own interests, turning a deaf ear to protests and closing its eyes to facts, observing no sounder principles than those of political

compromise, and ordering all things by its own self-centered notions of how the peoples may best be controlled. It is this Versailles autocracy which, in crushing Germany as a world Power, has itself assumed the role of world dictator. That it is vindictive as well as powerful, that its resources are immense, and that it intends to have its way with the peoples and their aspirations, no one now need cherish any doubt whatever. Progress henceforth is to go by favor, and the favor will be that of the Big Three.

History, perhaps, will some time tell us how, among the men who have dominated the proceedings at Versailles, the responsibility for this state of things should be apportioned. None, surely, who have had a hand in the determinations of the Peace Conference can go unblamed, save as they may have been overborne by the weight of authority. Yet the verdict of history will not, we think, be incorrectly forecast if the larger blame for the check which liberty and democracy have received is laid to the charge of Woodrow Wilson. To Mr. Wilson, more than to any other man who has ever lived, it fell to voice the aspirations of the world's peoples and to receive their homage. The times and the opportunity were alike supremely great. The stream of revolt against privilege and privilege-begotten wealth, the demand for the abolition of autocracy and the substitution of a political and economic regime in which the people should rule in fact as well as in name, had risen to the point where all that was needed, apparently, was wise and inspiring direction to make it an instrument of the greatest gains for human welfare that the race had ever known. It was Mr. Wilson's achievement to give to this great yearning of the world's masses, not indeed constructive leadership, for he has builded nothing that will endure, but a winning exposition and a moral unction which caught the imagination of peoples everywhere, riveted their attention upon him as the one man living who sounded their motives and voiced their aspirations, and made him their idol as well as their guide and friend. The trust which the peoples gave him, the appeals which they fondly directed to him, and the high expectations with which they hung upon his words, were as pathetic in simplicity as they were imposing in weight and mass. He was the hope of democracy, and the fear of his enemies was the confidence of his friends.

How Mr. Wilson has repaid the confidence which the peoples gave him, all the world now knows. The one-time idol of democracy stands today discredited and condemned. His rhetorical phrases, torn and faded tinsel of a thought which men now doubt if he himself ever really believed, will never again fall with hypnotic charm upon the ears of eager multitudes. The camouflage of ethical precept and

political philosophizing which for long blinded the eyes of all but the most observing has been stripped away, and the peoples of the world see revealed, not a friend faithful to the last, but an arrogant autocrat and a compromising politician. And with the loss of the robes which gave him sanctity goes also the loss of all liberal and ennobling support. There will still be many to applaud the treaty, and to join hands with Mr. Wilson in remorseless effort to push vengeance to completion, but they will not be the liberals who long acclaimed him as their leader nor the masses who once saw in him a second Providence. Those who stand with him now—strange transformation when one recalls the years of his ascendancy—are the staunch supporters of power and privilege, the controllers of great wealth and dictators of social favor, the voluble champions of the established order against every form of revolution, the preachers of hate and prejudice, and the timid and dependent whose souls are not their own. These are the ones who now do Mr. Wilson honor.

It is well that the line should at last be clearly drawn, for with the publication of the German treaty the real battle for liberty begins. All that has gone before—the overthrow of Czardom in Russia, the constitutional struggle in Germany, the establishment of a Soviet Government in Hungary, the revolt against tyranny or constraint in all quarters of the globe—are only the preliminaries of the great revolution to whose support the friends of freedom must now rally everywhere. Less and less, as that struggle widens, will the world have place for either liberals or conservatives: Versailles has forced men into two main camps, the radicals and the reactionaries. Heaven grant that the revolution may be peaceful, and that it may destroy only to rebuild! Whatever its course, it is the peoples who have been deluded and ignored who will play the leading part, for with the appalling example of Mr. Wilson and the Peace Conference before their eyes, the peoples will have small use for any leadership save their own. This is the scene which the moral collapse at Versailles opens to the world, this the promised land toward which the peoples of the world will now press with all their strength. With Germany crushed and autocracy enthroned, with the strong hand of power at the throat of liberty, the battle opens which is to make men free.

* *

Save your VOICES for binding. They will make valuable volumes. Some people are willing to pay a good bit for the first volume of the VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS. We can still supply you with the June issue.

FOR A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

The Soldier

He was white and straight like a poplar tree, six feet two and over,
 With a soul as eager as orchards in spring, and a heart that was all
 of a lover,

He was generous, like his native fields, and strong in native worth,
 He sang his song to a star, and measured his quest to the rim of
 the earth.

But now he has no song to sing! he has lost the trail of his star,
 A man with never a leg to use can not travel very far—
 And his life is bounded by nothingness, and four sordid city blocks,
 He sits all day by the window in a hospital knitting socks.

JULIA E. POWELL.

* *

FOR A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

To Peace

Come forth into the world and fill its heart
 With joyous rest and courage to renew
 The work of love designed for it to do
 When war no more tears beauteous things apart.
 Advance and take possession of the mart,
 And there the spirit of wild greed subdue;
 With essence of integrity imbue
 The elements wherein dissensions start.

Extend enticing arms across the sea
 And draw all wilfull nations to Thy breast,
 Impelling them their vicious course to cease
 And turn the victims of oppression free.
 We now invoke Thee with a hopeful zest;—
 Fulfill our deep desire, O precious Peace!

CHARLES HORACE MEIERS.

* *

If there is no belligerent whose record is wholly rational—if at best it is a tale of dishonors divided—there is only one way of escaping from the horror which comes over men when they realize what they have done in their madness—it is by insisting that from their very misdeed virtue shall spring. We must see to it that out of all this dung a finer civilization shall flower.—ZANGWILL.

A Directory of Liberal and Radical Publications

Dailies

The New York Call.....444 Pearl Street, New York
The Union Record.....Seattle, Washington

Weeklies

THE NATION.....20 Vesey Street, New York
The New Republic.....521 West 21st Street, New York
The Dial (semi-monthly).....152 West 18th Street, New York
The New Justice (semi-monthly) ..Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
The Survey.....112 East 19th Street, New York
The Public122 East 37th Street, New York
The Mirror.....St. Louis, Mo.
The Weekly People.....45 Rose Street, New York
Good Morning (humorous).....7 East 15th Street, New York

Monthlies

The Liberator.....84 Union Square, New York
The Critic and Guide.....12 Mt. Morris Park West, New York
Voice in the Wilderness.....Station J, Box 52, New York

The Class Struggle (bi-monthly).....Brooklyn
The International Journal of Ethics (quarterly).....Chicago, Ill.

I do not claim this to be an exhaustive directory of liberal and radical publications; it is merely a list of those which I receive and read. It is rather discouraging that we have not in this country a single solid radical monthly, which could compare with, say, The Nation or The New Republic among the weeklies.

* *

The Review, the new weekly, claims to be liberal. It is not. It is frankly reactionary, and as such it should be known. The fact that from its first issue it has served as the medium for the poisonous emanations of Jerome Landfield, the sinister spokesman for Russia's black hundreds, is sufficient to classify it.

Let there be no sailing under false colors.

Be sure to read *The New Republic* for July 9; a wonderful fine issue

SOME GEMS OF TRUTH FROM BERTRAND RUSSELL

Men of learning, who should be accustomed to the pursuit of truth in their daily work, might have attempted, at this time, to make themselves the mouth-piece of truth, to see what was false on their own side, what was valid on the side of their enemies. They might have used their reputation and their freedom from political entanglements to mitigate the abhorrence with which the nations have come to regard each other, to help toward mutual understanding, to make the peace, when it comes, not a mere cessation due to weariness, but a fraternal reconciliation, springing from realization that the strife has been a folly of blindness. They have chosen to do nothing of all this. Allegiance to country has swept away allegiance to truth. Thought has become the slave of instinct, not its master. The guardians of the Temple of Truth have betrayed it to the idolaters, and have been the first to promote the idolatrous worship.—Prof. Bertrand Russell.

* *

One of the most surprising things in this war is the universal appeal to atavistic moral notions, which, in times of peace, civilized men would have repudiated with contempt. Germans speak of England's brutal national egotism, and represent Germany as fighting to maintain a great ideal of civilization against an envious world. Englishmen speak of Germany's ruthless militarism and lust of dominion, and represent themselves as fighting to uphold the sacredness of treaties and the rights of small nations. In a sober mood, many of the men who use such language would recognize that it is melodramatic and mythical.—Prof. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

* *

When this great tragedy has worked itself out to its disastrous conclusion, when the passions of hate and self-assertion have given place to compassion with the universal misery, the nations will perhaps realize that they have fought in blindness and delusion, and that the way of mercy is the way of happiness for all.—Prof. Bertrand Russell.